

Susan Haynes

"Drinkin' In My Sunday Dress"

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I can barely feel the sheets with all these crumbs down
in my bed

Oh no, how can I get to sleep with all this buzzin' in my
head?

An' who'd have ever thought I'd not complain about a
mess?

Serves me right, I guess, this is what I get
For eatin' crackers with my gin an' drinkin' in my
Sunday dress

Telephone is by the bottle which is always by my bed
Time to time I give it a rattle to make sure that it's not
dead

I will wait here for your call till I run out of cigarettes
I love to play the part of the damsel in distress
Flickin' ashes in my coffee, drinkin' in my Sunday dress

Well, I've been on the road to this
An' I've been on the way to this
But who'd have think it'd come to this?
Don't let on, you've seen me like this, like this

My old transistor's soundin' just as twangy as a Fender
My radiator growls like Elvis after Sunday dinner
I've drained my last tequila and I've thrown away the
blender
I've poured out all the wine, from now on nothin' but the
best
Cognac an' Patsy Cline while drinkin' in my Sunday
dress

Well, I've been on the road to this
An' I've been on the way to this
I surely ain't a hypocrite
I've had my fun and now I must confess

Our reverend is a kingly soul, repents 'em on a dime
His Bible is not inked in gold, he is not the cheatin' kind
One Sunday after meetin', I was in the greetin' line
He said, "I've seen you from the altar gulpin' down
communion wine
Just remember who's beside you when it's no business

of mine"

I said, "Remember who's beside you when it's no
business of mine"

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